

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Miss Janet Carnochan, of Niagara, writes us a welcome letter of appreciation and encouragement. We beg to thank her cordially, both for her kind words and for the patriotic sonnet which we presented to our readers in the last issue. The other contributions that she sends are all good and will appear in due time. Their tone is admirable.

We are about to be favoured with a series of articles on Australia from Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, hon. secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada. Without committing ourselves definitely to the scheme of Imperial Federation—at least, until the *modus operandi* has been more explicitly set forth than it has as yet been—we cannot fail to recognize the loyalty and spirit of patriotism that have inspired its promoters. The movement has, we believe, done much good by its publications and meetings, especially in the direction taken by Mr. Hopkins in the papers which he has promised us—that of making the scattered portions of the vast Britannic Empire acquainted with each other's resources and character. We are sure that all our readers will be grateful to Mr. Hopkins for setting the great South Pacific heritage of the British race so clearly before them as he does in his opening paper in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

A correspondent, "J. F. H.," asks us if we recall that passage in "Julius Cæsar" where, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius having ended in mutual regrets, the more self-contained of the two friends, in reply to the gentle reproach of the penitent Cassius as to his comrades' excess of anger, explains:

"O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs,"

to which Cassius, still in ignorance of the woful tidings that had so shaken his friend's equanimity, ventures to retort:

"Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental griefs."

Then comes the revelation which explains a strong and true friend's momentary impatience of the petulance of the weaker one who had excused his outbreak (of the sad untimeliness of which he had, however, been all unconscious), on the ground of his own "grief and blood ill-temper'd":

"No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead."

That was a blow of which Cassius had not dreamed:

"Ha! Portia!"

Bru. "She is dead."

Cas. "How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?"

The whole passage, writes our correspondent (and we fully agree with him), is not only wonderful in its grasp of character and in its dramatic power, but preaches a sermon on the forbearance due from friend to friend which has, perhaps, no parallel in literature. How many misunderstandings might be avoided if that sermon were studied and its lesson taken to heart.

"T. O'H" has done well to call attention to the merit of some of the shorter poems of the great masters of English song. We shall keep a place for his essay. He is quite right. Some of the masterpieces of English poetry, and of all poetry, are short compositions. Several of them, indeed, are sonnets, and so necessarily brief, but, apart from those (Italian and Spanish, as well as English), a considerable number of poems which both critics and general readers have agreed to class among the best consists of productions not too long to be learned by heart. We hope to call attention to some of these in connection with our contributor's paper in an early number.

Folk-lore is now occupying much attention both in Europe and on this continent. England, France, Germany, Spain, and other countries of the old world, have for years had special publications devoted to this many-sided and most fruitful study. Last January twelvemonths "The Journal of American Folk-Lore" was started under the editorial supervision of Prof. W. W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., assisted by Dr. Franz Boas, Mr. T. Fred. Crane and the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey.

It appears quarterly. The first volume contains a mass of most entertaining and instructive reading concerning the customs, traditions, beliefs, etc., of our aborigines, and also a good deal that is fresh and interesting touching the dialects, usages, superstitions and popular tales of the various European settlers in America. The *Journal* is the organ of the American Folk-Lore Society, of which Prof. Newell is the able secretary.

The Society of Canadian Literature, which began its existence very modestly in January last, promises to be of permanent usefulness. The idea was originated by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who has been at much pains to perfect its organization. In this work he has been seconded by Mr. George Falconer, the acting secretary, and a committee, which comprises a representation of the lady members. The printed programme which we have received shows that arrangements have been made for fortnightly meetings, with studies or readings of the most noted Canadian authors, until the close of April. The first of these literary evenings (February 11) was devoted to Mrs. Moodie (Susanna Strickland), the essayist being Mr. H. Bragg. Additional interest was lent to the occasion by an exhibition (due to the kindness of Mrs. Col. Chamberlain, of Ottawa), of portraits, views, etc., relating to the Suffolk home of the Strickland family and illustrative of Mrs. Moodie's tastes, character and career. On the 4th of March Mr. J. Fraser Torrance entertained and instructed the society with an account of the life and writings of the late Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, and read passages from "The Clockmaker" and others of his works. Mr. Lighthall showed a collection of portraits of Canadian poets—Sangster, Roberts, Mair, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Machar ("Fidelis"), Mrs. Curzon, etc. The remaining subjects for the present season are "Charles Heavyside," by Mr. Geo. H. Flint, March 25; "Octave Cremazie," by Mr. George Murray, F.R.S.C., April 8; "William Kirby," by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, April 22. The society numbers about fifty members.

Mr. F. W. L. Moore read a comprehensive paper, historical and critical, on the English Constitution, before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. An animated discussion which followed turned mainly on Imperial Federation. In closing the debate, Mr. Moore spoke enthusiastically in favor of the federal scheme, and urged that if the various parts of the Empire once see that their safety depends upon a closer union, there is no power on earth that shall separate them. "We have seen the English Constitution," said Mr. Moore, "a success in the land of its growth; we have seen it a success transplanted into her self-governing colonies; we have seen it a success in groups of federated colonies. Shall we not see it triumphant in a confederated Empire? This is the sentiment so well expressed by our Canadian poet, "Laclede," of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The essayist then concluded his impassioned appeal for a grand union, in one mighty league, of all the scattered portions of the Queen's domain, by repeating Mr. Lesperance's stirring stanzas, with which our readers are already familiar.

We are glad to hear from "Maud" again. Red Pencil has been playing the critic, but if she objects, the offence will not be repeated. Here is her song on

EVENTIDE.

The sun sets over yonder hills,
In glorious splendour dressed,
Its crimson rays spread o'er the sky,
As the "Day King" goes to rest.

The golden light has died away,
Leaving no traces there;
The solemn calm of Eventide
Breathes through the summer air.

The very breeze, that stirred each leaf
Throughout the long bright day,
Has slowly, gently nestled down
'Neath the last dying ray.

The air is calm and all seems still,
No sound the silence breaks;
The birds and flowers have gone to sleep
Until the daylight wakes.

They each have sung their even-song,
And bowed their weary heads,
To wish goodnight to the fading light
E'er resting in their beds.

But Eventide, so calm and sweet,
With solemn thoughts can fill
Full many a heart that keeps awake
While all the world is still.

March 4, 1889.

MAUD.

Our readers are not likely to go astray as to the authorship of "I Vignauoli." We have but one master of the Bernesque style in Canada (which do not confound with burlesque, which is *longo intervallo* aloof from it) and he (need we say?) is the author of "The Enamorado." Touching that same ever welcome contributor, we hope ere long to make a most interesting announcement.

Those who did not hear Mr. Leigh R. Gregor's paper on Fréchette, before the Society of Canadian Literature, missed a treat. Good readers are scarce. Good readers of French in English circles are extremely scarce. Mr. Gregor's reading of the poet's works was admirable. His prose translations of the selected pieces, which were distributed in manuscript among his hearers, were true and clear. His criticism was thoughtful and fair. In our next number we shall have the pleasure of presenting the substance of Mr. Gregor's paper. Of French authors, Cremazie comes next, and we need say no more than that the essayist is Mr. George Murray.

"W. W. S." is an old and valued acquaintance. We read, years ago, his articles on pioneer life in Ontario. Could he not favour us with some contributions of the same kind? We like his story very well as an illustration of the ruling passion, and of honest and successful endeavour, but why does not the hero find scope for his energies and aspirations on his native soil? The "Canadien errant" may be an interesting figure, but we must not encourage his errantry.

We have heard several compliments paid to Miss Fairbairn's metrical experiments. For a beginner in those *genres*, they are, indeed, remarkable. Still, for our own part, we prefer the offspring of her untrammelled muse, thoughtful, nature-loving and truthful. Imitation of metrical extravagances is a good test of versatility and skill and helpful thus far in giving ease and finish in composition; but, too much followed, it is a waste of precious time, for however they may be admired, such efforts are hardly taken seriously by those who look to poetry for sustainment and solace.

OLD ENGLISH ROUNDELAY.

Ailie Dill went down the dale,
(Ho! ho! the Ailie),
On her head, with jaunty swale,
Ailie balanced gaily
A pail for milking of the milk,
(Ha! ho! the pail).
Ailie's skin was soft as silk,
And her step was wholesome hale.

Of her my Roundelay I sing,
(Well-a-day! the roundelay),
She was such a pretty thing
As ever was seen on never a day;
Her tucker was of bonny blue,
(What ho! the tucker),
Her lips smiled and her eyes smiled, too,
As if a thought had struck her.

It had. For lo! the Percy's men,
(What ho! the Percy),
Were ranged to go to war again,
To beat the foe, I dare say.
Now, Robin a-Green was standing by,
(Ho! ho! the Robin),
And she picked him out with half an eye
That burly armed mob in.

Ailie Dill sped up the dale,
(Ho! ho! the Ailie),
And quite forgot her milking pail,
But from the hill-top gaily
Her kerchief white she gan to play,
(What ho! the handkerchief),
And at the sundown time of day
The lovers met, 'tis my belief.
Here endeth, freres, my roundelay.

Hernwood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.